

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Vol. CLXVII. No. 2174

London
February 24, 1943



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

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LONDON
FEBRUARY 24, 1943

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Toby Wetherly and Her Son

The wife of Major William Erskine Stobart-Wetherly, of Thornton Manor, Cheshire, was married in 1938. She was formerly the Hon. Rosemary Gertrude Alexandra Lever, and is Viscount Leverhulme's younger daughter by his first marriage. Her husband is serving abroad with the King's Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Wetherly is doing canteen work. Her son, Dennis William Stobart, is three years old



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

German Retreat

THE Germans are in full retreat before the victorious Russian armies, but for some time it must be a matter of speculation to what line they are retreating. Although the manner of their evacuation of Russian towns, particularly Kharkov, would seem to indicate that they are in a hurry and somewhat disordered, it would be foolish to assume that the Germans have not got a prepared line on which they are falling back. It has always been one of the principles of German military science—we saw it in the last war—that defensive lines must be organised even in the middle of the greatest advance of the army. We must not expect anything different in this remarkable transformation which has occurred in the Russian campaign. There can be no other explanation of the hopeful expectations voiced in Berlin at the approach of winter's end and the coming of the thaw. They see in the thaw nature's aid which will enable them to disengage from the enemy more effectively than they have been able to do hitherto. They hope that the thaw will slow the Russians and speed the German retirement.

Military experts are speculating as to the line the Germans will hold. The most likely appears to be along the Dnieper before Kiev, and then through the Pripiet Marshes to Minsk and Riga. If the Germans are able to achieve this, we shall then have to review the Russian campaign afresh. At the moment, it appears the Germans are moving away from the oil supplies which they need more than anything else to maintain modern warfare. All hope of getting oil from the Caucasus must have been given up. This leaves the Germans dependent on Rumanian oil. How dependent they are on this we cannot be too sure, for there has been a lot of miscalculation by the Allied Governments about Germany's oil position since the first days of the war. There can be no doubt that, having failed to get oil in the Caucasus, the Rumanian oil-wells are more than ever vital to Germany. And they may soon come

within easy bombing range of the Russian aircraft. Apart from this significant fact, we must recognise that the German military machine is still in sound working order. There's no crack visible in that organisation. The Germans have gone out of their way to deny that Hitler has given up supreme command of the German army. It is more than interesting that they should do this. But it does not clear up the mystery of Hitler's whereabouts since he failed to address the Nazis on their tenth anniversary of power.

History's Warning

ON March 21, 1933, Hitler stepped into the vault where lies the coffin of Frederick the Great, and solemnly proclaimed the birth of the Third Reich. After him came Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who placed laurel wreaths wrought in gold on the coffin of the man whom Hitler worships to this day more than any other. In all his mad ambitions, Hitler has modelled his later life on that of Frederick the Great. He is the same kind of liar, cheat and gambler, and at this moment we may assume that he is borne up by the same faith that all must come right for Germany, as it did for his hero after the Seven Years' War. According to Macaulay, Frederick carried a phial of prussic acid with which to end his life rather than be captured alive. There was a time, too, when all the glory departed from Frederick's army. His enemies scoffed at him as he had scoffed at them. His soldiers ceased to confide in his star and, says Macaulay, in every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticised. There were detractors even in his own family, but he was determined never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the Powers of Europe. He meant to die rather than admit final defeat. He had many defeats, Prussian territories were repeatedly devastated, but "the King carried on war as no European Power has ever carried on war except the Committee of Public Safety during the great agony of the French Revolution.



The King Signs the Book

The King and Queen paid a surprise visit to the newly opened King George the Sixth Club for Allied officers. After inspecting the building and talking to some of the members, Their Majesties signed the visitors' book.

tion. He governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended . . . as long as there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket; as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid; in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there were still rye bread and potatoes; there were still lead and gunpowder; and, while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederick was determined to fight it out to the very last." So much for Macaulay. Hitler may imagine that he and the Germans are only repeating history, and that though Berlin may be ravaged by bombs, and wearied as it was by successive invaders in Frederick's time, he will still return in triumph to his capital as did Frederick. This is a grim warning, but we must not forget that Hitler knows how grim is the fate awaiting him after the Casablanca declaration of unconditional surrender.



Captain P. William-Powlett, R.N., won the D.S.O. for outstanding gallantry, fortitude and resolution during the Battle of Crete, while serving in H.M.S. Fiji. His wife and daughters went with him to a recent Investiture to receive his decoration



Naval Heroes Decorated by the King

Captain H. St. L. Nicholson, R.N., who was decorated with the D.S.O. and Bar, took his wife with him to the Investiture, and his brother, Commander Nicholson, R.N., was also present. They are seen leaving the Palace



The R.A.F. Entertains Queen Mary

In this group, taken somewhere in the West Country, are, in front: Air-Commodore J. R. Cassidy, H.M. Queen Mary, Mrs. Cassidy, Lady Apsley, M.P. Behind: Wing-Commander K. I. Goodman, Section Officer M. Causton, Group Captain E. A. Lumley, M.C., Group Captain R. Reay-Jones, Wing Officer M. Turner, Squadron Leader J. Butler

W. Dennis Moss

Confidence

EVERYWHERE Mr. Churchill's latest speech has been remarked upon for its strong notes of confidence. He told the world at Casablanca that plans had been agreed with President Roosevelt which would unfold themselves over the next nine months. This was a very clever way of warning those who expect the war to be over this year, although the utterance did not deny such a possibility. It was also a warning to Hitler that probably for the first time the Allies have got real and definite plans and the means to put them into operation. Obviously, nothing can happen until Tunisia has been rid of Germans and Italians. Mr. Churchill admitted that this will take much longer than was originally anticipated. But of course, it suits the Allies if Hitler is prepared to pour his men into this trap where they can be bled to death. Once the Tunisian campaign is over—and I venture to hazard that we cannot expect results until another six weeks have passed—the aerial encirclement of Germany will be complete, and the armies of Britain and

America free to pierce the under-belly of Hitler's defences.

Allied Unity

THE appointment of General Eisenhower in supreme command of the Tunisian campaign caused Americans to murmur that he had been "pushed upstairs," and equally critical Britons to be eloquent in their silence. The fact is that General Eisenhower has won the admiration of all who have worked with him in Algiers. He has shown himself to be a man of high principles and great conscientiousness. By his efforts he has created an efficient organisation out of what at first was chaos. This he has done by integrating the British and American staffs. Directly under him British staffs are working. Beneath them are American staff officers, and under them more British staff officers. As a result there is a smoothness and singleness of purpose in Tunisia which is all due to General Eisenhower. The machine which he has created will move remorselessly when the dry weather comes, and the united air forces of Britain and America are able to fill the African skies in larger numbers than Hitler can ever hope to command.

Rivalry

THE political tension which developed in the House of Commons over the Beveridge Report shows how the political parties can join in rivalry to obtain votes. The fact that the Beveridge Report suggested £2 a week for all, whet so many appetites that immediately the Government advised caution. A political offensive was launched. Naturally, the Labour Party were the first to fire any shots. They wanted the whole Beveridge Report and nothing but Beveridge. Naturally, the Government in power has not only the responsibilities for the present, but for the future, and no Cabinet of Ministers dare gamble with uncertainties. But theirs is the administrative responsibility, while M.P.s are conscious of their political responsibilities. In the democratic workings of this country the solution is usually found in between these two opposing responsibilities. In the past this spirit of compromise has worked quite satisfactorily for the

benefit of the masses in many ways. Let us hope this system is continued but without a rivalry which would run us into bankruptcy.

Peaceful Fishing

THE other day a colonel in the British Army, like so many Southern Irishmen, took off his uniform and travelled to Dublin for ten days' leave. His idea of rest and quiet in a neutral country, where quite a large proportion of the population are fighting on one or other of the fronts of the world, is fishing. Days passed and his luck did not improve. On an adjoining stretch of the river there was another fisherman. On the fourth day this other fisherman diffidently approached the colonel and asked him if he were having any luck. "No," said the colonel, "I can't get anything, but it's all right, I'm enjoying myself." The stranger went away to return a few minutes later with some flies. "Try these, colonel, and I think your luck will change." It did. Who was the kind stranger who benefited the colonel? None other than the German Minister in Dublin. It's a queer world, but this is a true fishing story.



Submarine Commander's Family

Mrs. Ben Bryant, wife of the famous submarine commander (credited with the destruction of twenty-nine enemy ships), lives in the New Forest with her daughter, Patricia, and small son, Jeremy Joseph



After the Investiture

Commander G. M. Temple, D.S.O. and Bar, R.N., took his niece, Miss C. Willis, a member of the W.A.A.F., to see him receive his decoration from the King



W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. Chiefs

Air-Commodant Trefusis-Forbes, W.A.A.F., and Chief Controller Jean Knox, O.B.E., of the A.T.S., were at the Lady Mayoress's luncheon for women leaders of the war effort

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Playing the Fool

By James Agate

THE jamboree at the Regal in honour of the Free French, made me ashamed of being British. It all goes back to a passage in Henry Morley's *Journal of a London Playgoer*. Morley was writing in 1858 about the difference between the attitude to serious drama of the French and ourselves: "There must be a deeper earnestness than plays can demand, in whatever serious thing Englishmen are to look at without exercise of that sense of the humorous which is part of their life; so natural a part that every man is in every grade of society regarded as a bore who lacks it; and the very phrase with thousands even among our educated men for not finding a thing acceptable is 'seeing no fun' in it."

The proceedings last night began with a first-class news-film about Mr. Churchill's visit to the Near East, to be followed presently by the singing of a Workers' Choir and a first-rate "short" depicting the recent activities of the French on land, on sea and in the air. All this should and would have been a dignified proceeding; but the management, distrusting our ability to remain serious, thought fit to introduce a Donald Duck item which would have been inappropriate, even if it had been amusing. But it was not in the least amusing. And it was received by the highly distinguished audience in almost complete silence.

THEN came the big thing of the evening, *Tomorrow We Live*, a film about occupied France which never moved beyond Surbiton, except possibly for an excursion to Balham. I am getting tired of these schoolboy stories, a mixture of good Wallace rising to poor Henty, in which the hero escapes from the Nazi headquarters by catching on to the chandelier and swinging himself through the window to freedom and a waiting motor-boat at the cost of a gentlemanly cut on the forehead about an

inch and a half long, while the British air-arm intervenes to prevent pursuit. And I certainly don't believe in the mayor's daughter who flirts with the German commandant, and from a secret signal-box changes the points and sends an ammunition train to disaster.

AND the Englishness of the characters. Streatham written all over them! Godfrey Tearle, as the French mayor, leads a party of martyrs to the place of execution with the unruffled suavity of an English country gentleman showing his guests the way to the dining-room. The only character who was remotely French was the baker's wife, played by Yvonne Arnaud, who is French. The Nazis were much better because most of them were played by Germans. Why not use French actors to play French parts? An English actor with his "Mossoo This," and "Madarm That," remains inescapably English; a French actor, however broken his English, remains indubitably French. The distinguished guests were very polite about it all afterwards; what they must have thought is another matter. I can't imagine Russians showing rubbish of this order. Indeed, I am beginning to wonder whether the British are, in fact, the salt of the earth. Alternatively, whether that salt is a good thing to be.

I OFTEN feel that I should like to paraphrase the immortal lines of Keats so they run:—

"Ugliness is dirt, dirt ugliness"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

On this occasion the town of Pittsburgh is my excuse. I have never heard an American speak of Pittsburgh; perhaps he never does. I hasten to say that there are towns in England over which the English draw a discreet veil. Whenever I think of Pittsburgh—which is as little as

I can contrive—it is always in connection with Eleonora Duse who died there. She called Pittsburgh "la plus hideuse ville du monde." One remembers too that Irving said that it was "hell with one lid off."

By the way, will the fudge about Duse never cease? I have just been looking at Arthur Symons's *Life, Study* or what you will, and I read once again about Duse reaching

"... a supremacy in art, so divine in her pure humanity, so mystic in the spiritual sense of the word, and so pathetic in her humility, which has rarely if ever been equalled, and which could never or rarely be surpassed."

And Symons also quotes with approval another disciple:—

"She was doubly the chalice. To the mystery and exaltation of her art were added a strange element of aloofness, which made her a great person in the cast of another drama which we call Life."

Let us see now how Duse comported herself in that other "drama which we call Life." On the same page I read:—

"A banquet was given after her last performance, by the Italians residing in New York, in Duse's honour, at which the whole company was present, but the guest of honour's place was vacant. She refused; she knew what a vexation it would be to hear the speeches, so she remained alone in the hotel with a book, which was much more to her taste."

Are we to see in this gross and grave discourtesy to her hosts, who were also her compatriots, an example of Duse's spiritual mysticism or unsurpassable humility? Or are we to detect in that piece of extravagant rudeness an instance of that "strange element of aloofness"?

YOU are to learn, reader, that there is also an element of aloofness in your film critic. Marlene may not be, in the words of a neglected poet "my woe, my early light, my music dying." But at least I will not see "those lily brows, that cherry nose, those cowslip cheeks" blackened and smudged by coal dust. A little bird having warned me that in *Pittsburgh* Marlene plays a miner's doxy, I decided that so far as I was concerned, this picture must get along without me.



Yvonne Arnaud and John Clements

"*Tomorrow We Live*" is based on authentic details of underground warfare in Occupied France, given by a French patriot who schemed and worked for the overthrow of the German terrorists and eventually escaped to this country. It has the official co-operation of General de Gaulle and The French National Committee. With Yvonne Arnaud and John Clements in this film are Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Sinclair, Greta Gynt, Judy Kelly and Bransby Williams



Randolph Scott, John Wayne and Marlene Dietrich

"*Pittsburgh*" is the latest Marlene Dietrich film, and once again co-starring with her are Randolph Scott and John Wayne. It is the story of a mine, of the growth of a steel city and the fortunes of two men, both of whom love the same girl. The film begins and ends with a patriotic appeal for greater production of war materials, Marlene herself appearing in worker's overalls, devoting herself to the welfare of her fellows

Ginger and Cary

In "Once Upon a Honeymoon,"
Spy Drama of Invaded Europe,
Newshound Outwits Bad Baron
and Wins Bogus Baroness in
Final "Double Crossing"

After a lapse of two years since making *Love Affair* and *The Awful Truth* Leo McCarey has made *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, bringing together for the first time those two great stars, Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant. In this picture Ginger has gone blonde again. She couldn't make up her mind whether to stay dark or go back to her old blonde colour so she put it to the American fighting boys. Three to one they voted in favour of blonde, so Ginger took their word for it and blonde she is again. The story gives Ginger another straight role. Although she is supposed to be a Broadway chorus girl, she neither sings nor dances. Instead she marries a German baron, finds he is not all she had hoped for, is rescued by American newshound Pat O'Toole (Cary Grant), and after unpleasant experiences of the Nazis at close quarters, finally gets out of Europe and returns to her home town, there to settle down, the baron conveniently disposed of, as Mrs. Patrick O'Toole



The Broadway Chorus Girl, Katie O'Hara, Becomes a Baroness Abroad (Ginger Rogers)



Left: The baron (Walter Slezak) toasts his American bride. On left and right are two of baron's compatriots



Right: In an attempt to get back to America, Katie is helped by newshound Pat O'Toole (Cary Grant). He succeeds in getting them both thrown into a concentration camp

Rescued by the American Consul, Katie and Pat go to Le Blanc, an American Secret Service man (Albert Dekker), in order to get new passport pictures. Le Blanc persuades Katie to return to the baron in order to help the Secret Service



At a reception to meet Hitler, Katie meets Marshal Mocha (Lionel Royce). He is suspicious, but with Le Blanc, Katie makes her escape and gets on a boat for America. Aboard, Katie finds both Pat O'Toole and the baron. The future Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole decide that the baron is one too many



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

A Month in the Country (St. James's)

FEW plays can have had happier titles, or lent themselves more graciously to translation, than Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*. In these disjointed times, and among the mixed items in the theatre bill, this revival is refreshing. The country, of course, is Russia a hundred years ago, but its charm is universal and timeless, and its beauties do not stale. We had already seen and been conquered by this lovely play, though in settings less sumptuous than these, and its beauties left a rare nostalgia. As a dramatist, Turgenev draws less clinically from the life than Chekov, whom this particular play recalls. His sweep, too, is less Olympian than Tolstoy's. One might say that he conceives and writes more as a poet, who suggests rather than asserts. Yet his characters are clean cut, and convince no less than charm. His pathos is tender, rather than heart-rending, and his humour, though tintured with irony, is true rather than convulsive.

The outstanding feature of this production by Mr. Emlyn Williams is its pictorial elegance. The characters in the play seem to have risen in the social scale since last we visited them. They were then comfortable middle-class folk, living within the modestly generous means of minor landowners. Now they live, move, and have their being in settings and costumes that might well have excited Winterhalter. Fashions change, and producers with them.

WHEN the curtain rises on the drawing-room of that country house near Moscow (circa



Yslaev, Natalia's husband, is fully conscious of the change in his young wife. His mother offers maternal advice which is rejected in no uncertain manner (Michael Shepley, Annie Esmond)

1840), it unveils a conversation piece no less elegant than formal. The effect it makes is, so to speak, that of an exclusive garden in mid-summer bloom. Posed like a white rose in the foreground sits Natalia, the play's heroine and mistress of the house, exchanging desultory confidences with Rakitin, her platonic friend, while her downright old mother-in-law lords it over two domestic satellites at the card-table in the middle-distance. It is a summer afternoon in the country, but such country as only artists in refinement discover and explore. This perfect picture gives at once the key in which the production is set; and were its characters members of a royal household en vacance, the note it sounds would not be discordant.

The story unfolds at once with persuasive subtlety. As the heroine of a poet, Natalia, who has reached years of discretion both as wife and mother, is poignantly aware of the passing of her youth, while being still sus-



Natalia, yearning for she knows not what, finds even in the attentions of her faithful friend, Rakitin, no antidote for her soul's unrest (Valerie Taylor, Michael Redgrave)

ceptible to its impulses and fevers. (Baleful Aphrodite, when her agents are poets, still chooses her victims well.) The mood that oppresses Natalia, making her conversation and behaviour elusive to her old friend, has been deepening mysteriously, disturbingly. It dates, as Rakitin suggests, from the arrival a month ago of her little son's young tutor from Moscow; and it is presently to master her.

This young man from Moscow has charmed the whole household. His youth, unaffected simplicity, and friendly gaiety are irresistible. He has refreshed the somewhat humdrum routine. Only with Natalia is he shy and tongue-tied, and his boyish awkwardness piques and enchants her. With Vera, Natalia's young ward, he is as spontaneous as a brother, and she joins, as an equal, in the kite-flying and other outdoor sports devised for his pupil's amusement, while Natalia looks on, half wistfully, half jealously. So the poison begins to work with evil consequences for them all. The result, however, is not harsh tragedy, but tender comedy that matches beauty of form and spirit, and sets off romantic elegance with humorous rusticity.

TO some, this simple pastoral may seem to be overweighted by its decoration, and given a lift towards artificial comedy that makes its chief characters seem sophisticated. I did not find this a fault, so pleasant is it these days to see so charming a play so beautifully presented. Moreover, it is a special pleasure to see Miss Valerie Taylor in a part that gives full scope to talents that are apt to seem discouraged or rebellious when less congenially challenged. In her succession of 1840-ish toilettes she moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. One feels that Turgenev would have approved of this Natalia.

Among other excellent performances Mr. Ronald Squire's artful doctor stands out, racily characterised, expertly presented, and altogether admirable. Miss Isolde Denham's Vera is young, passionate and true. Mr. Tom Gill, Miss Annie Esmond, and Mr. Michael Shepley contribute notably to the acting virtues of this delightful production, and Mr. Michael Redgrave does not underrate the platonism, the Russian platonism, of the family friend. Such a play may not be everyman's meat: it should certainly be no man's poison. To most of us it affords such pleasure as, in the theatre, is more often anticipated than so richly achieved.



Vera, Natalia's ward, falls deeply in love with the young tutor, Beliaev, from Moscow (Tom Gill, Isolde Denham)

Sketches by

Tom Titt

(Right:)

The doctor, an old friend of the family, with free run of the Yslaev estate, decides to settle down and launches his proposal on the astonished family companion (Ronald Squire, Winifred Hindle)



"The Gay Lord Quex"

Revived by Norman Marshall's
Company at the Arts Theatre,
Cambridge



Sophy (Vivienne Bennett) is a Mayfair manicurist. Her admirer is Valma, a professional palmist (Williams Lloyd)



The Duchess of Strood (Nadine March) teases the philandering Marquess of Quex (Frith Banbury)

Norman Marshall is to be congratulated on his formation of a repertory company which is to adhere strictly to the true meaning of repertory—that is, a company with a genuine repertoire, each production being adequately prepared and rehearsed. The Trustees of the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust are collaborating with Mr. Marshall in his venture, which is to have its permanent headquarters at the Arts Theatre, from there visiting other big cities throughout the country. The company is affiliated to the C.E.M.A. (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), of which the Pilgrim Players, with headquarters at Canterbury, also form part. Mr. Marshall's first production was *Uncle Vanya*, an immediate success. This was followed by *The Gay Lord Quex*, Arthur Pinero's comedy, which was first produced in 1899, and in which Dame Irene Vanbrugh, as Sophy, had one of her earliest successes



Principal members of the company assembled in the Bond Street salon of Sophy Fullgarney. Joan Swinstead as Julia, Countess of Owbridge, Frith Banbury as Lord Quex, Harold Scott as Sir Chichester Frayne, Maria Barry as Miss Moon, Vivienne Bennett as Sophy, Enid Lindsay as Mrs. Jack Eden and Ruth Grundy as Muriel Eden



At Fauncey Court, the Richmond home of the old Countess of Owbridge, to which she has been invited, Sophy meets Captain Bastling (Olaf Pooley). Her affair with him is interrupted by Muriel Eden, her high-born friend (Ruth Grundy)



In saving her friend Muriel from the attentions of Lord Quex, Sophy very nearly compromises herself. "You're a low spy . . . a common kitchen cat who wriggles into the best rooms, gets herself fondled and then spits," says Quex

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Visit to the Ballet

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret Rose paid their first visit to the ballet when they were taken by the Queen to a performance given by the Sadler's Wells Company at the New Theatre shortly before the close of the present season. Judging from their rapt attention as they followed every movement in the lovely *Lac des Cygnes*, they were entranced, and during the intervals could be seen turning to their mother with many questions. Her Majesty has for many years been a staunch supporter of ballet and was able to explain to her daughters many of the finer points of classical dancing.

Flag Day for Seamen

THE DUCHESS OF KENT attended the reception at Admiralty House given by Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord, in connection with the London Flag Day for Seamen, which will be held on April 13th. The day is intended as a Salute to Seamen and will aid the work of six Sailor Societies, The British Sailors' Society, Missions to Seamen, Royal Alfred Aged Seamen's Institution, Sailors' Home and Red Ensign Club, Shipwrecked Mariners' Society and Queen Victoria's Seamen's Rest. These societies between them arrange that all shipwrecked men shall be met and provided with immediate necessities, such as hot food, a bath, bed, clothes, fare home, even a new set of teeth or a pair of eye-glasses; they provide libraries for ships, run hostels and clubs in ports wherever seamen land, and, amongst other things, provide a home or help for the old, unfit or disabled seamen. Her Royal Highness made a short speech and was followed by the First Lord, by Mr. Philip Noel-Baker and by Lieut. Bruce Belfrage, making one of his first public appearances in the uniform of a lieutenant, R.N.V.R. His opening remark, "Here is the news and this is Bruce Belfrage reading it," was an immediate success and was greeted with much laughter and applause. He then gave out the news of the day, which, of course,

concerned April 13th and the arrangements being made to ensure success. There was a grand tea for everybody, and at a special table there was what might have been called a gathering of Admirals' wives, for, sitting with the Duchess, there were Lady Louis Mountbatten, Countess Jellicoe and Lady Pound. The Hon. Lady Goodenough was with her husband, Admiral Sir William Goodenough, and Lady Brooke and Lady Evans, wife of Evans of the Broke, were also there.

Birthday Celebrations

THE twenty-third birthday of King Farouk of Egypt was celebrated in London by a party at the Egyptian Embassy. The Ambassador, Hassan Nachat Pasha, stood on the spacious landing of the Embassy in South Audley Street (which shows few signs of the air-raid damage, which knocked it about) while hundreds of distinguished guests walked up the broad staircase and through the fine rooms which, with their wonderful Oriental carpets, had a peacetime splendour. The whole of the Diplomatic Corps seemed to be there. Baron de Cartier de Marchienne was holding court in one corner; in another M. Maisky talked earnestly; all the Allied Governments and High Commissioners were represented. Amongst others there were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Leathers, Lord and Lady Woolton and Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare. Mr. Duff Cooper brought Lady Diana, Sir Archibald was with Lady Sinclair, General Sir Hubert with Lady Gough, Group Captain Sir Louis and Lady Greig were together, so were the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading. Lord Queenborough was there, and many other notabilities too numerous to refer to by name. Lady Dashwood came with Sir John. Lady Cory, who is contemplating coming back to live in Belgrave Square, talked in a quiet corner to Sir George and Lady Franckenstein; while not far away Lady Chatfield was deep in conversation with Mrs. Arthur James. Attractive girls were many. Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys



Swabe

First-Nighters at the St. James's

Lady Peel (Bee Lillie) and Lieut. the Marquess of Milford Haven, R.N., were at the first night of "A Month in the Country." Lord Milford Haven received the O.B.E. for his courage when serving in H.M.S. *Kandahar*

was with her mother, Lady Kemsley, both in bright red coats and hats. Miss Rosemary Rendel was with her parents, Sir George and Lady Rendel, and Lady Gordon-Finlayson had her daughter, Mary, with her.

Twenty-Years-Old Cake

A TERRIFIC crowd of guests gathered at the King's Chapel of the Savoy for the wedding of the Hon. Margaret Davidson, elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, to the Rev. B. G. B. Fox, Chaplain to the Forces. The reception was held at the Ladies' Carlton Club, and the crowd there was such that progress up the stairs was a slow business. The cake was a most ornate one, its secret being that the top tier was made nearly twenty years ago, when it occupied the same proud position—top tier—on the bride's christening cake. Incidentally, the cook who made it all those years ago was there to taste it, too. As the bride's father,



The London Wedding of the Rev. B. G. B. Fox and the Hon. Margaret Davidson

The bride and bridegroom were photographed leaving the King's Chapel of the Savoy, after their marriage on February 13. The bridegroom, the Rev. Benjamin George Burton Fox, C.F., is the only son of the late Mr. J. B. Fox and of Mrs. Fox, of The Manor Farm, Erpingham, and of Lansdown Place, Bath.

Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, the bride's parents, left the church with Miss Fox, the bridegroom's aunt. Lady Davidson, O.B.E., is the Unionist M.P. for Hemel Hempstead, a constituency twice previously represented by her husband. Lord Davidson has held several ministerial posts and was twice Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster



A Y.W.C.A. Club, Presented by Barbados, is Opened at Camberley

Lady Davson, O.B.E. (right) chairman of the Ladies' Committee of War Services, West India Committee, opened the club, and with her here is Private Dorothy Fenty, A.T.S., who comes from Bridgetown, Barbados. The Barbados "Win the War" Fund donated £700 to provide the club for girls in the Forces

Controller the Countess of Carlisle, A.T.S., was present at the opening and talked to Mrs. Pirie, Y.W.C.A., leader, in charge of the club, and Brigadier Sandilands, C.M.G., D.S.O., Welfare Officer, who was in the chair. The Rev. E. d'A. Staunton, M.A., Senior Chaplain at the Royal Military College, conducted the dedication service

Viscount Davidson, has had such a long political career, it was not surprising to see his old chief, Earl Baldwin, both at the Chapel and at the reception. Countess Baldwin was with him, and I also saw Lady Shakespeare, Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, Miss Irene Ward, M.P., Lord and Lady Ebbisham and several of the bride's former schoolmates, including the tall and handsome Miss Vivien Mosley and Miss Suzanne Pearl.

Studio Party

MRS. JARDINE-HUNTER-PATERSON gave a delightful party in Flora Lion's studio, which, with its picture-hung walls, made an attractive setting. Several of the artist's latest portraits were on view, including a lovely one of Mrs. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson (formerly Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner), a distinguished head and shoulders of H.R.H. Prince Bertil of Sweden, and one of Sir Wylie White, Bt. Among

the guests were several representatives of Sweden, including Captain Count F. G. Oxenstierna, Swedish Naval Attaché, and Countess Elizabeth Oxenstierna; H.E. the Swedish Minister and Mme. Pritz; and Captain Carlbon, Military Attaché. Then there were H.E. the Chilean Ambassador; the hostess's mother and grandmother, Lady Harmood-Banner and Ella, Lady Harmood-Banner; the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend; Lady Iris O'Malley; Lady Leigh; Sir Thomas Polson; Sir Harold and Lady Bethell; Prince and Princess Wiasemsky; Princess Melikoff; Viscountess Selby; Captain the Hon. and Mrs. Jock Skeffington, son and daughter-in-law of Lord

Massereene and Ferrard; Miss Maggie Teyte; the famous singer; Baron Beck; Lady Chaytor, Lady Hayward; Mrs. Yates; Captain Whitaker, Major Mike Macmullan and Mr. Duncan Allen, of the Welsh Guards; Captain Peregrine Fellowes and Mrs. Fellowes; Captain Ronald Traquair, of the Coldstream; Captain Chandos-Pole; Mr. and Mrs. Angas, who were married lately—she was Miss Christian Grant of Monymusk, and he is in the Grenadier Guards; Major Pierre de Granville, and Captain Comte de Fouquière, representing the Fighting French; Colonel John Clements; Captain Kay, and many others in the American Forces.

(Concluded on page 248)



An Engagement

Sir Francis Cyril Rose, Bt., only son of the late Sir Cyril Rose, Bt., and Mrs. Frederica Sproul Bolton, younger daughter of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, announced their engagement in January



The Queen Visits an Officers' Kit Replacement Organisation

The Queen watched Mrs. Mary Mathews fitting out Midshipman Edward Jupp, R.N.R., with an overcoat, assisted by L/S. Allen Powell, R.N.R., and Midshipman Bryan Powell, R.N.R. All three boys are South Africans. Mrs. Mathews started the Officers' Kit Replacement Organisation after Dunkirk, and all officers and men who have lost their kit or are suddenly sent to the tropics can immediately be refitted there

"The Silver Fleet"

Film Founded on Fact Tells
a Great Story of Dutch
Patriotism and Sacrifice

● A newspaper cutting describing the dramatic story of how a U-boat had been seized and brought over to England by Dutch members of a trial crew is the origin of *The Silver Fleet*, a screen play written and directed by Lieut. Vernon Sewell, R.N.V.R., and Gordon Wellesley, which is to have its London premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre on February 26th. It is the story of a patriot who called himself Piet Hein, after the name of a famous Admiral who saved Holland in an earlier age. Piet Hein is the master mind behind a vast network of underground warfare. In actual fact, he is none other than the burly, deceptively easy-going shipbuilder Jaap van Leyden, suspected even by his own wife of being a Quisling. Van Leyden has designed two submarines for the Dutch Government, one of which is nearing completion when the country is overrun by the Nazis. In order to finish his work, van Leyden appears to be willing to collaborate with the hated invader. When on her trials, the first submarine disappears. Later it is found that her Nazi crew has been overpowered and Dutch mechanics have found their way to a British port. With the completion of the second submarine, van Leyden is faced with new difficulties. The Nazis are suspicious and watch his every move. Finally, a plan is evolved. The plan involves not only the sacrifice of van Leyden's life, but also the more tragic sacrifice of his wife's love and trust. Van Leyden does not falter. The submarine, submerged for the first time, will never surface. In its doom is the doom of Nazi hopes and skilled man-power. The spirit of Piet Hein lives on



Fred Daniels

Ralph Richardson as Jaap van Leyden
Lt./Cdr. Ralph Richardson, R.N.V.R., is serving in the Fleet Air Arm. He was released by the Admiralty to play the part of the Dutch shipbuilder-patriot in this film



The submarine which plays such an important part in the film is a British submarine loaned by the Admiralty. Its disguise as a German U-boat at one stage of the film was so technically perfect that the presence of a Nazi U-boat in British waters was officially reported to Coastal Command



The Dutch mechanics who are to take the newly-completed submarine out on its trials arrange for firearms to be smuggled aboard in food stores. When at sea, the Nazi crew is overpowered by the Dutch mechanics, who head for Britain. Above, Joss Ambler, Charles Victor, John Longdon and George Schelderup are seen as leading patriots



Googie Withers as Hélène van Leyden, Jaap's Wife



Esmond Knight as the Gestapo Chief, von Schiffer
Esmond Knight was totally blinded in the victorious Bismarck action when serving aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales as a Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. This is his first screen role since blinded
Fred Daniels



Van Leyden (centre) is at first suspected of having had some part in the escape of the first submarine completed in the Dutch shipbuilding yards. He succeeds, however, in convincing Wernicke (Anthony Eustrel), the German naval technician, and von Schiffer (Esmond Knight) of his complete ignorance of the Dutch plans



When the second submarine is completed, van Leyden has to decide on a different course of action. On the night before the trials he invites the most influential Nazis to a dinner-party, during which he persuades them to come aboard the following day. When the submarine submerges—for the first and last time—it carries a distinguished crew

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NEWS that whisky in Australia is £4 a bottle brings back to us an indelible memory. A room littered with books and toys, mostly bashed. A snowy English landscape in sunshine. In a wicker armchair by a bright fire, a child is curled up, reading a faded old volume full of woodcuts, circa 1860. One of these illustrations shows three enormous shirtsleeved hairy sombrero-ed men, like gorillas, standing outside a shack under a broiling sun, among bluegums and sheep, jovially flourishing whisky-bottles. Underneath this picture a caption says: "*In the back-blocks, unless the drops burn holes in their shirts they won't drink it!*" It was one of our earliest glimpses of Romance and the Empire.

Probably the story was about the Kelly Gang. It gave us an impression of heroic Australian fortitude which has never left us. Even in Arizona (where the Bad Men are) they never drank their whisky as neat as that, by all accounts. To-day we realise it doesn't take liquid fire to make Aussies put it across the Boche as if he were a Bloomsbury pansy. Strong black stewed tea with mutton (as Kipling noted) and ruthless Grade A cricket are enough, plus that sunshine and those enormous skies which breed a pattern of limber hatchet-faced giants who make the Island Race look like forty cents. All that tannin (as Kipling also noted) maybe makes Australians a bit "edgy" at times. Our experience is that if you start by saying Sydney Harbour is the finest in the world you're all right, unless you are a wowser. A wowser is something Australians loathe and despise, but is difficult to define here. Don't look round now, but there's one in the Cabinet, the Fairy Carabosse whispered us last night.

Nosejoy

RECORDING that the Senior Doorkeeper of the House of Commons, one of whose duties it is to offer members a pinch of snuff, is retiring, a gossip didn't say what kind of snuff is considered good enough for legislative snouts.

We doubt strongly if it's Prince's Mixture, which the Regent used, and which is still sold at that historic tobacco shop in the Haymarket. Or Scholten's or Orangery or Maccabaw, Penalvar or Seville or Princeza, Bergamot or Neroly or Violette—Strasbourg or San Domingo, or any other of the famous snuffs Georgian tobacconists used to ladle from those large lovely jars of Dutch and Chinese porcelain and glossy umber earthenware, which you sometimes see to-day used as standard lamps. The most elegant noses in Europe absorbed these snuffs, but the art of taking them is lost, especially the nice conduct of the little finger, which needed lace ruffles and had to be taught. You wouldn't expect an M.P. to know how to tap the box, either. Probably some kind of dark brown Kendal titillates the Commons snozzle, without grace or poise. Some of those ungainly boys probably snuff it up awkwardly out of their palms. *Fi donc!*

It may be well asked whether free snuff in the Commons ought not to go to the Public Gallery, which pays for these little luxuries. The reply, an authority crustily assures us, is that the function of the public snout is not to inhale free snuff but to afford legislators the means of guiding it up the garden.



MAURICE MCLAUGHLIN

"Stop! For thy tread is on an Empire's dust"

Bombshellette

"BRUNETTE PILOTS CORVETTE"—we opened these bloodshot old eyes in mild surmise, but there it was, a real headline, in one of the more skittish dailies. Not quite in the class of that Mystery Pyjama Blonde who, as we mentioned last week, is Fleet Street's wistful dream of Rommel's ideal conqueror. But it's a start, anyway.

Meanwhile we think the boys might have made more of that brunette (a Russian, incidentally) with the corvette. In civil life she might have been—who knows?—an usherette or a conductorette. In her leisure she might have been fond of reading a novelette in a kitchenette (or maybe hemming what Fleet Street etiquette is practically bound to describe as a "serviette"). We often wonder what people who habitually use words ending in "-ette" look like. Boiled gooseberry eyes and loathsome bowler hats are probably their form. The publicity racket is notoriously an addict. The odd and-disturbing thing is that even the great Surtees is not free from this blush-making habit. His most daredevil and point-device thrusters (e.g. Mr. Sponge) often wear what Surtees insists on calling "toilnette" waistcoats, a strange lapse into Oxford Street jargon for the Squire of Hamsterley. It afflicts us, his fans, like the spectacle of some dignified, beloved aunt all ginned up and dancing publicly to a barrel-organ. "Toilnette"—dear Heaven! Why not "winceyette"?

Ersatz

WOOD panels being unobtainable, one of the art boys is exhibiting work on cigar-box lids, which are now getting equally scarce, a gossip reports. The next shortage in the art racket will be camel-hair brushes, we gather.

Fortunately no totally brushless genius need despair. Once more we can triumphantly quote the great Goya. At Madrid you find (taking a tram from the Puerta del Sol) the chapel of San Antonio de la Florida. Commissioned to cover the cupola with paintings of the Saint's miracles, Goya bought himself a large earthenware bowl and a few dozen large smooth sponges, mixed his colours successively in the bowl, soaked the

(Concluded on page 238)



"Calling James—calling James—home James—home James—over to you—over"



Mrs. Henry Martin, the Duchess of Atholl and Mr. George King



Miss Anne Alston, Baroness Beaumont and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard



The Marchioness of Willington and Baroness Ravensdale

A World Premier in London

People at the First Performance of
"To-morrow We Live"



Miss Greta Gynt, Star of the Film



General Delvoie, of the Belgian Army



Miss Judy Kelly, who plays an important role in the film, and Colonel Summers

To-morrow We Live, a British Lion Film Corporation picture, was made with the co-operation of General de Gaulle and the French National Committee, and tells the story of underground resistance to the Germans in France to-day. Many distinguished representatives of the Allied Forces attended the first performance at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, and the Duchess of Atholl made a speech at the reception held afterwards. Proceeds of the first night were given to Fighting French and Soviet charities



Lt.-Colonel de Lagatinerie, Fighting French Army, and Mme. de Lagatinerie



Mme. de Gaulle, wife of General Charles de Gaulle, and Earl de la Warr



Lt.-Colonel Tissier, General Vallin and Professor Cassin

Standing By ...

(Continued)

sponges in it, and proceeded *secundum artem*. The result is too much like a theatre-décor in pink and amber for most critics, but the method is economical and simplicity itself, and the work has lasted two centuries. Any peeling you see is not due to Goya's sponge-wash but to the plaster beneath. Under it is his tomb, lacking Goya's head, which the doctors stole.

Sponges could be used thus to paint the pans of rich women on their drawing-room walls, and even to give them a quick wipe before beginning, to remove any excess of white-lead, rouge, and mascara from those petulant dials, and maybe a few underlying smuts or stains as well. Our spies report no sponge shortage, as yet. The Race doesn't seem to be washing much nowadays.

Fakes

CHEEPING like an angry mouse at the myriad industrial fakes of this age, a mild, despondent chap recently overlooked the fact that Dame Nature, D.B.E., is one of the greatest fakers in existence, as any orchid-fancier could tell him.

No modern craftsman could ever fake flowers from silk and tin and rubber, an expert once told us, to compare with certain breeds of orchid, such as the Cattleyas and Caladiums, which might be cut out of waxed fabrics, velvets, and metals. Other breeds, like the Amor-phophallus, might have been designed by an obscene surrealist during a drunken nightmare, and others, like the sinister Cephalothus, with its insect-traps, are carnivorous and can digest meat: but living flowers masquerading as varnished tin and velvet seem to us a more cynical comment by Dame Nature on an age in which paper imitates wood, wood imitates iron, nickel imitates silver, silver imitates gold, gold imitates platinum, and imitation cerebation is supplied wholesale by the Brains Trust bonzes weekly at twenty smackers a time.

The only thing to be said in favour of metal flowers, so far as we can see, is that if the beloved makes a face at a bouquet of roses you can boff her with it. Even then she may be wearing steel hair.

Butterflies

JANE AVRIL of the Moulin Rouge, from whom Toulouse-Lautrec made his first poster and many other studies, has just died in a home for the aged in a Paris suburb. She was more prudent than some of the froufrou girls and high-kickers of the period, for example La Goulue, star of the famous Can-Can Quartette, who died on the rubbish-dump a few years ago after begging along the boulevards for a long time, the poor old butterfly.

This will never happen to Mistinguett, who must be extremely rich, having been a near miss all her long life. Moreover, that baby is right.

Whenever we meet a little carefree actress we ask her sympathetically how her Post Office book is getting along, a piece of pure objective altruism frequently leading to dirty looks. Nobody with a heart could help feeling anxious about the future of these little birds of Paradise, yet when you dig emotionally for your handkerchief they think you are digging for a rubber club. The man who would break open a little actress's money-box—it is generally a replica in tin of Wendy's hidey-hut, or else a tiny pillar-box, and sometimes it has teddy-bears painted on it—in cold blood cannot have been to a very good school.

No man was apparently ever bold enough to ask Mrs. Siddons how the rainy-day cash was piling up in the old bedsock. It is recorded that when Mrs. Siddons went into a draper's shop and asked for a yard of lace the assistant swooned at her terrific mien, which maybe explains why. Our feeling is that if little actresses loosened up and were matey when asked this question by well-wishers, chaps might give them pennies towards it.

Flop

BLEAK winds are whistling round the Sunday pants of our Moral Rearmament boys ensconced in America, we guess. They



"Don't you remember me, Sir? You kissed me when I was a baby?"

undoubtedly took a fatal line when they claimed that their work, as it was called, was essential to the American war effort.

There is sometimes a case for conscientious objection, which moreover demands courage, however wrongheaded the grounds may seem

to be. The M.R. boys' assertion merely argues a certain lack of decent humility. Most of Dr. Buchman's boys are notable for a smooth, smug complacency, a tall girl once told us. The bustling Doctor himself was described by "Candidus" in the *Daily Sketch* recently as Chadband incarnate, but Chadband never turned his racket into a limited company. Several serious citizens censured "Candidus" for taking a crack at the Doctor. It's the old Molière situation again. When Molière pilloried Tartuffe the Queen and the Archbishop of Paris held he was doing harm, since the true might suffer from his attack equally with the false; Louis XIV and the Papal Nuncio on the other hand saw no harm in it. Anyhow Tartuffe survived, and the most libellous thing ever said about the Island Race is Oscar Wilde's remark that Tartuffe had emigrated to England and opened a shop.

Exclusivity

KNOWING us to be interested in wild life, a friend in the R.A.F. sends us on a card issued by the "Hotel Exclusive Club" somewhere in the country. On this card is printed:

Membership is confined to Directors of Companies, Proprietors of Business Firms, the Professions, Officers in H.M. Forces, Members of H.M. Government, Ministry Officials and the Church.

Which seems to us about as exclusive as the contents of an ostrich's stomach.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm afraid the Intelligence Corps will get us in the end, Claud"



Harlip

The Countess of Feversham

In 1936 the Earl of Feversham married the Hon. Anne Dorothy Wood, daughter of Viscount Halifax, British Ambassador at Washington since 1941, and of Viscountess Halifax. Lord Feversham, who is a Captain in the Yorkshire Hussars, is serving in the Middle East, as is Lady Feversham's eldest brother, Captain the Hon. Charles Wood, M.P. for York. Her second brother, Major the Hon. Peter Wood, was killed in action in Egypt last October, and her youngest brother, Richard, was very seriously wounded in the Middle East some weeks ago, losing both feet. Lord Feversham is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Deputy Minister of Fisheries from 1936 to 1939. Lady Feversham is County Organiser for the W.V.S. in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The Fevershams have one daughter, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, born in 1938. Their home is Nawton Tower, Yorkshire.

Mr. Spud, M.P., Catches the Speaker's Eye



Mr. Ernest Brown, Lord Woolton, Mr. Campbell Stevens and Mr. Evelyn Walkden



Miss Megan Lloyd George and Major G. Lloyd George



Lord Marling, with two of the bakers, and Mr. J. D. Murray



Mr. F. J. Bellenger, Mr. N. Bower, Mr. T. J. Sleith, Mr. Bartle Bull, Sir Edmund Findlay, Mr. Duthie, Sir Alfred Knox and Mr. H. Guy



Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Mr. W. Mabane



Mr. H. R.



Mrs. Cazalet Keir and Miss Irene Ward



Mr. F. C. Watts, Sir Charles MacAndrew, Mr. Allan Chapman, Mr. F. Beattie, Mr. J. S. C. Reid and Commander T. D. Galbraith



Mr. Tom Williams



Mr. Neil Maclean, Sir Reginald Blair and Mrs. Robertson



Mr. James Maxton



Dr. Little, Sir William Allen, Brig.-General Howard (Sergeant-at-Arms) and Mrs. Howard



and Commander Agnew



Dr. Edith Summerskill



Lady Simon



Mr. W. W. Boulton, Lieut.-Colonel D. Boles and Major B. E. P. Leighton



Colonel Clifton Brown and Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox



Viscount Hinchinbrooke



Mr. W. W. Wakefield



Lord Sempill

At the Ministry of Food Exhibition at the House of Commons Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, gave a demonstration lunch to his fellow M.P.s, to illustrate the many and varied uses of potatoes in pastry and other forms. Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, and Mr. Mabane, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, were amongst those who sampled the fare with evident enjoyment



The Heroine of "The Petrified Forest"

John Vickers

Miss Constance Cummings, an American by birth, has her first true American role on the London stage in Robert E. Sherwood's *Petrified Forest* at the Globe Theatre. In it she appears as Gabrielle, granddaughter of an Arizona gasolene-station owner, a girl whose life is spent fostering to the creature needs of her grandfather, father and the casual callers at the station, whose leisure, such as it is, is given to the reading of Villon and the painting of pictures and whose heart is in Paris, where her French mother, deserted by her father after the last war, still lives. It is a role which for many years it has been Miss Cummings' ambition to play. In private life Constance Cummings is Mrs. Benn Levy. Her husband, formerly the managing director of Jarrolds, the publishers, is a dramatic author and producer of repute. He is now in the Navy, and after some months as an ordinary seaman is a cadet rating awaiting his final courses before qualifying for a commission in the R.N.V.R. In the entertainments which Miss Cummings frequently organises and produces for the troops she sings to her own accompaniment on the ukulele. It is an accomplishment which so far she has not used professionally

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Throwing 'Em Back

A YEAR before the premiere of that famous farce "Rudolf Schicklgruber," the writer of these notes happened to be in the beautiful town of Konstanz am Bodensee. There was at that time about a division of infantry, mostly Badenians with a few Bavarian battalions, plus some heavy field-artillery on top of the divisional guns and some motorised M.G. units. Happening to remark upon the fine stamp of soldier on view, a truculent Hauptmann of one of the Baden regiments, who was obviously a fisherman of those very excellent Constance trout, said: "Yes, we can afford to throw the small ones back, but you can't, and have to take anything you can get." I wonder what this bumptious German would say now if he could see what we have got, Regulars and Home Guard, pick 'em where you please? Some of his friends, of course, have met some of them, particularly Policeman Rommel, and lots more of his friends are going to make their acquaintance. I think I can tell him that he will find them absolute poison in a scrap, and that goes also for the Home Guards, who are far superior in physique and training to any German Landwehr or Landsturm units which I have ever seen. The German Intelligence fell down badly where Russia was concerned: Hauptmann, whatever his verdammt name was (and I hope this meets his eye), and his brother-officers are for another fall, and, believe me, it will be a bad bumper. I do not believe that the German Army can now afford to throw anything back—not even its undersized chimp. The Germans have told us that their new soldier is being trained in the use of all arms: Somebody must have been telling them something.

Derby Sweep for the Red Cross?

OF course, these things, lotteries and all games of chance, are severely frowned upon by the law of our land, but I take leave to think that the law is not always that which Mr. Bumble said it was, and that it is quite capable of perceiving that circumstances always alter cases. Anyway, here is a suggestion sent me by Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Pattison, and I think that

it provides one of those occasions when the law should put the blind eye to the telescope. My correspondent writes:

Would it not be a good idea to hold a National Sweep on the Derby in aid of the Red Cross? The tickets should be 5s. and obtainable at post offices and other centres.

A good percentage of the money obtained would be allotted to the Red Cross. There should be many prizes and not a few large ones. The prizes would be in Defence Bonds and Savings Certificates, hence an increase in savings and a large amount for the Red Cross, with much interest to all concerned. So legalise it! An enterprising M.P. could suggest it on a free vote.

Personally, I think that it is a brilliant idea, if the little legal difficulty can be overcome. The law, as has been said, is the embodiment of everything that's excellent, but at times it is excessively trying in more senses than one. For instance, the meaning of a "place" where betting is concerned. A can go and put his shirt on a horse one side of a lot of racecourse railings; but if he has a shilling each way on the animal outside those railings—that is to say, in the street—he can be grabbed by the first flatfoot who catches him at it, and in due course brought before the justices and probably juggled. Similarly, if A buys a bottle of beer in B's shop, an off-licence establishment, and proceeds to open and drink it, both of them can get into trouble: but if A just pops outside B's door and drinks it—and as many more as he can carry—neither of them breaks the law! I am not quite certain exactly how raffles stand. This Red Cross Sweep would be perfectly legal if it were held inside a properly constituted club, tickets available to members only: but if held in the manner suggested by Colonel Pattison it would, as things stand at the moment, be strictly illegal. Another case is that which A, at his own risk, can call B if no one is listening!

A wartime law is a very useful thing if properly used. Here is—in this sweep—a chance!



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Wins the University Boat-race

The second wartime boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge took place over a 1½-mile course at Radley. Here is the winning Oxford crew. Front row: F. A. de Hamel (stroke), T. H. S. Burns (7), W. Whitechurch (4), A. J. A. Gillan (6). Back row: J. M. H. Brooks (3), G. B. Rooke (2), A. G. C. Shattock (cox), R. J. Lourey (5), D. G. Jameson (bow)

A Front Ranker

IT is now as certain as we dare say that anything is where steeplechasing is concerned, that, if times had been normal, and the Grand National had been run at Aintree, it would have been in Mr. J. V. Rank's pocket with Prince Regent, and one is entitled to believe this, after the way in which he won the Irish Hospitals 'Chase at Naas. He won in a canter by three lengths with 12 st. 2 lb. on his back. Golden Jack, who had 11 st. 3 lb., was only fourth, and Workman, the winner of the 1939 Grand National, 10 st. 3 lb., well down the course, so that there was no question about the class. The Irish Steeplechasing Intelligentsia said after the Irish Grand National of 1942, which Prince Regent won by a length with 12 st. 7 lb. from Golden Jack, 11 st. 9 lb., that the latter was good enough to win the great 'chase at Aintree, so it is not difficult to judge what they would think of the chance of Mr. Rank's front-ranker. He can stay, he can carry a big weight, he can jump and he can gallop, and it is difficult now to see anything offering any danger to him in this year's Irish Grand National, no matter what may start, and some very good ones may—to wit, Golden Jack, (Concluded on page 244)



The Hockey Association Side Beat Oxford University

The Oxford University hockey team were unbeaten till they met the Association XI. Front row: H. D. Frampton, R. C. H. Bowdler, D. D. Lees (captain), B. I. Johnson, P. S. Moore. Back row: R. J. L. Altham, J. B. Dossetor, K. L. Brierly, P. H. M. Dowson, N. Adams, A. Hamill



The Hockey Association, with two internationals, beat Oxford by 6—0. Front row: Rev. E. C. Johnston, Major G. L. Slack, A. W. Woolley (captain), Captain E. C. Laurence, G. E. L. Graham. Back row: C. F. H. Wagstaff (referee), J. L. Foster, J. D. Harris, C. J. H. Paget, C. R. Smith, H. E. Becker, R. E. Goddard, J. J. Payne (match secretary)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Kilstar, and perhaps Roman Hackle for Miss Dorothy Paget, Lord Sefton's Cheltenham Gold Cup winner of 1942, Medoc II., Lady Sybil Phipps's Red Rower, runner-up in that race, or any other, including that good horse St. Martin, if he is right; he was third to Prince Regent and Golden Jack in the Irish Grand National, giving 5 lb. to the latter and getting 7 lb. from the former. The Fairyhouse course was an absolute quagmire, and yet Prince Regent came home with that big weight. He is by My Prince, who sired Gregalach, winner of the Grand National at Aintree in 1929; Reynoldstown, who won it in 1935 and 1936, and poor Lloyd Thomas's Royal Mail, who won

it in 1937. If the National had been run this year, My Prince certainly would have had another winner. When it is run next year good luck to the front-ranker!

The Late Lord Fitzwilliam

EVERYONE who may have had the pleasure of knowing him would have been genuinely grieved at the news of Lord Fitzwilliam's death, because, other things quite apart, he was one of those people who possess that rare thing, personal magnetism, which is sometimes called charm. He and the man in whose company I first met him, the late Lord William Beresford, had it in great abundance, and either of them could have whistled any bird off any tree. This was in the times when they were both on the staff of the late Lord Lansdowne, during his Viceroyalty of India; Bill Beresford was Military Secretary, and Lord Fitzwilliam—who was always "Billy" to his intimates—was then



Dublin Racegoers

Sir Ernest Goff, Bt., of Glenville, Waterford, and his wife went to Baldoyle Races. Lady Goff was Miss Alice Cynthia Woodhouse before her marriage in 1941



Poole, Dublin

In the Members' Enclosure

The Duke and Duchess de Saxe-Poole were at Baldoyle to see her horse, Mount Hazel, run in the Balgriffin Chase. The Duke was formerly Master of the Kill Harriers



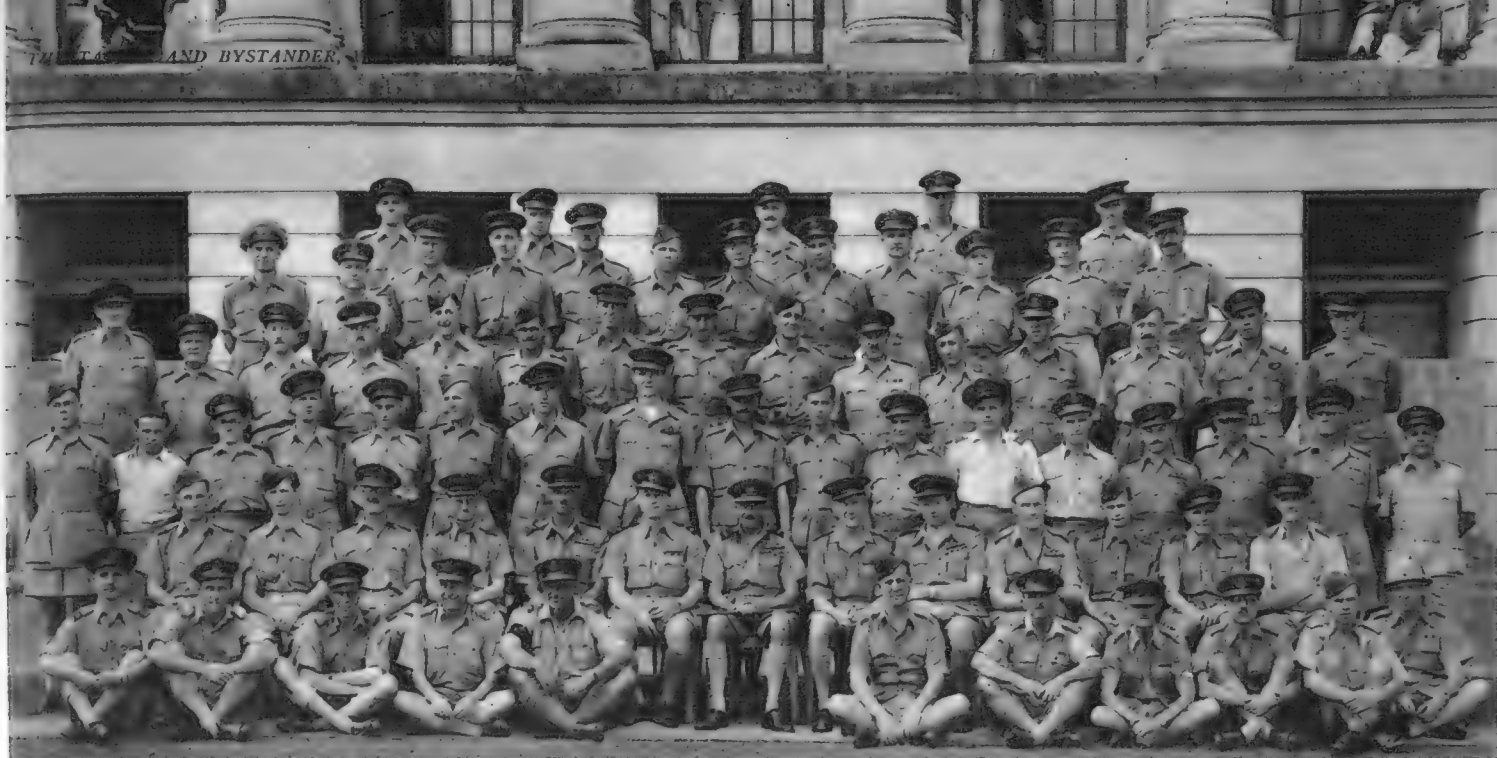
The D.D.S. and T., London District, and his Staff

Most people are apt to take the question of how the Army and the R.A.F. get their food as a matter of course. It arrives, is cooked and eaten, but behind all this is a highly efficient and complex organisation, whose job it is to get the right food to the men at the right time and place under all conditions. In these modern times of highly technical mechanical efficiency in motor transport, this side of the R.A.S.C. has progressively increased in importance. Both sides of this quietly efficient Corps are controlled at London District Headquarters by the Deputy Director of Supplies and Transport under the General Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur F. Smith, K.B.S., C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

Lord Milton. It was a grand staff, and others whom I can remember were one Charlie Harbord, afterwards Lord Suffield; Fenn, the doctor, who was for years with the Brigade of Guards; and there were others whose names unhappily elude me, but Willie Holmes, who was a cousin of Bill Beresford, was virtually an unofficial member.

I should think that Lord Fitzwilliam was one of the few people who have managed to hunt in England on one day and in Ireland on the next one, and this in times long before the aeroplane had come into fashion. What energy, and also what luck to find the restless Irish ocean sufficiently accommodating to allow the ship to get in on time—about 5 a.m. Lord Fitzwilliam was quite in the top class on a horse, and at one time used to drive four horses more than somewhat well.

There are times when the Irish ships which are not carrying mails and therefore under no absolute obligation to be punctual get badly held up. I mind me of an occasion when, going from Liverpool, I calculated that I should be in plenty of time to get ashore at North Wall, proceed to my host's house, change, lunch, and then hunt with the Ward. Instead of arriving at 5 a.m., we did not get in till 5 p.m., and the cheery skipper said that we were lucky, and that if he had put another knot on her, it would have broken her back.



Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac, C.B., D.S.O., and Staff Officers of The Royal Air Force in Ceylon

On Active Service

S/Ldr. H. B. Dickson, P/O.s R. C. L. Weeks, C. M. H. Bennett, F/Lts. G. B. S. Hart, F. McCarthy, F/O. H. E. Hardy, Lt.-Col. W. G. S. Gray, F/O.s H. F. H. Kable, E. M. Cox, P/O. W. E. W. Herries, F/Lt. F. L. Champanhac, Wing Cdrs. D. G. Scott, J. S. Melvin, G. H. J. Williams, G/Cpts. A. E. S. Collins, A. W. B. McDonald, Air Commodore F. J. W. Mellersh, Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac, G/Cpts. I. C. Bird, W. N. Cumming, Wing Cdrs. L. Fox, J. W. Arney, R. Bows, J. R. Combe, F/Lt. H. D. Snape, F/O. G. E. Stamper, S/Ldrs. E. M. Greenwood, F. E. Ratcliffe, W. F. Floyd, L. P. Ball, D.S.O., F/Lt. K. R. Hudson, Wing Cdr. D. S. Wilson, Capt. P. G. A. Vigne, S/Ldrs. D. C. A. Howden, C. H. Spry, K. W. Marten, W. McClelland, W. Bradshaw, Major S. G. Foster, F/Lt. G. E. Goolden, P/O. J. F. Leckie, F/Lts. N. C. Lenehan, A. R. Holden, R. Dobson, W. S. K. C. Bainbridge, W. H. Cauley, B. Samways, S/Ldr. T. D. M. Boyland, F/Lts. R. B. Ransome, E. L. Smith, P. G. McGibbon, G. C. Duddell, S/Ldr. G. L. D. Hodgson, F/Lt. M. D. I. Gavin, F/O. P. E. Graebner, F/Lt. H. M. Acton, Mr. H. J. Rayment, Gnr. (T.), R.N., F/O. J. D. Home, P/O. E. F. Murphy, F/O. A. R. Margarey, P/O. S. H. J. Garne, F/Lts. R. S. Davies, H. E. Andrews, J. A. Campbell, P/O.s H. T. Pagden, N. L. F. Leech, F. A. Chapman, E. Stanford, F/Lts. R. W. Baird, R. G. Pattinson, P/O.s G. P. Ward, J. Stevenson, S. V. Berry



D. R. Stuart

Fighter Squadron Officers in Scotland

Back row: P/O.s Robinson, Bunch, Farrar. Front row: P/O. Twidale, F/Lt. Wilson, P/O. Campbell



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Royal Naval Base in England

Back row: Mr. N. A. Marnie, Wt. Eng. R.N.R., Mr. J. S. Kerr, Wt. Tel., R.N., Mr. G. M. Anderson, Wt. Eng., R.N.R., Sub-Lt. N. A. M. Mirov, R.N.V.R., Mr. A. H. Barnes, Boatswain, R.N., Sub-Lt. P. C. Roscoe, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. (D.) J. Symmons, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. (D.) L. E. James, R.N.V.R., Lts. E. J. H. Groves, R.N.V.R., A. Miller, R.N.V.R., A. W. Grain, R.N.V.R., Mr. M. Wilkinson, Wt. Ord. Officer, R.N., Lt. W. E. Wills, R.N.V.R. Front row: Lt. H. F. R. Lush, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. (D.) R. L. Cautley, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. R. A. Isard, R.N.V.R., Lt. W. Staples, M.V.O., R.N., Lt.-Cdr. F. S. Croughan, R.N. (Ret.), Lt.-Cdr. G. E. H. House, R.N. (Ret.), Rev. A. B. Gloyne, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. (D.) F. H. Richards, R.N.V.R.

Officers of The Royal Marines

Standing: Ty/Lts. J. Elder, O. D. Taylor, Lts. J. E. F. Codrington, C. D. Collingwood, R. F. Marsh, Ty/Lt. R. S. Stephenson, Lt. C. F. Moor, Ty/Lts. A. J. B. Norman, C. L. Bascomb, Lt. J. J. Eades, Ty/Lt. L. Wild. Sitting: Ty/Lt. N. F. Pearson, Lts. E. N. Wyant, R. Hewson, Capt. J. Leah, Brigadier A. P. Dawson, C.B.E., Capt. M. C. Cartwright-Taylor, Ty/Lts. A. J. H. Appleton, A. A. J. Foster, W. G. Knowles



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Growth

“THERE are some poets whose poetry can be considered more or less in isolation, for experience and delight. There are others whose poetry, though giving equal experience and delight, has a larger historic importance. Yeats was one of the latter; he was one of those few whose history is the history of our own time, who are part of the consciousness of their age, which cannot be understood without them.”

So said T. S. Eliot, speaking on Yeats in Dublin, not long after the death of the man whom he called, on the same occasion, “the greatest poet of our time—certainly the greatest in his language and, so far as I can judge, in any language. . . .” The sentences with which I open this page very fittingly close that long and august book *W. B. Yeats*, by Joseph Hone (Macmillan; 25s.). This is the authorised biography, long awaited. It has been the wish of all those who knew the poet that the biography should be full and true. Mrs. Yeats placed at the disposal of Mr. Hone all the poet's notebooks, diaries and a great mass of his correspondence. Other friends have come forward with memories, to assist the biographer in his work. Mr. Hone himself has been a friend of Yeats and his family for thirty years. Thus, in no way has material been lacking. In fact, there could well have been a danger that the biography would sink under its weight, that the life-story could have become over-complex, the portrait blurred by too much detail.

That this has not happened is, I think, a triumph for Mr. Hone. Throughout, the story is clear and the portrait living—and more, one watches the man, as well as the poet, grow. Mr. Hone has been animated, throughout his work, by a feeling for Yeats's life as a life. He has thus imparted, to each chapter, something of the intensity that accompanied, in the poet, each new phase of his experience, both as poet and man. Yeats was one of those natures to whom full growth is essential, and who, from the depth of this need, make slow and difficult growth. Many of us live our lives out—by which I mean run through our span of years—without having maturity so much as in sight. It may be that maturity is not demanded of us. Of Yeats it was demanded—and the demand, of which he was never not conscious, which was inexorable, made every phase of his life a different ordeal. It may be that a poet of this order carries a ravaging eagle inside his breast. Such a burden, such an inhabitant, alienates the poet a little from things round him—none the less, the cry of the human part of the nature is for reconciliation, for harmony. Yeats's greatness, up to the very last, came from never finally satisfying the eagle in him. At the same time he attained, in the latter part of his life, the

human mellowness of a great man at home in a world to which his own presence adds something great. He died not only honoured but loved.

It has been Mr. Hone's achievement, as a biographer, to link the outer with the inner experience—to render the former in all its true, human, domestic detail (with even, sometimes, its touches of comedy), and at least to suggest the force of the latter. He shows, from beginning to end, how every experience—whether sought out or suffered—did not fail to be grist to the poet's mill.

Dramatis Personae

YEATS died, in the South of France, in 1939—at the end of the first month of the year that saw this war in. He was born in June 1865, at Sandymount, bayside suburb of Dublin—there are few suburbs of that capital city to which either sea air, a view of the mountains or the Italianate grace of the earlier architecture do not lend a character quite their own. The Yeatses were Anglo-Irish; thought to have come, in the first place, from Yorkshire. W.B.'s great-great-grandfather, Benjamin, married one Mary Butler, heiress to lands in Kildare and a member of the great Ormonde family. The Kildare lands remained with the Yeatses, who made their ancestress's surname a family Christian name—hence, the poet was William Butler Yeats. His great-grandfather, John, became rector of Drumcliffe, Co. Sligo, and lived on in local memory as a great character. The Yeats's tie with Sligo was to continue, for W.B.'s father, John Butler Yeats, married



Mrs. Peter Scott

Mrs. Peter Scott, the wife of Lt./Cdr. Scott, M.V.O., R.N.V.R., the well-known writer and painter of wild-fowl, gave birth to a daughter early this month. She was formerly Miss Jane Howard. The above portrait of his wife was done by Cdr. Scott, who is the only child of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, C.V.O., R.N., of Antarctic fame. He has been serving in destroyers and coastal forces since the outbreak of war, and is now in command of a flotilla

Susan Pollexfen, whose family were the great shipping people of Sligo town. W.B. was knit closely to his mother's relations: his vigorous Pollexfen grandfather, in whose house he spent much of his childhood, became a mighty symbol to his imagination, and his Pollexfen uncle, George, who shared his feeling for the occult, was both an influence and a friend.

W. B. Yeats, unlike some other poets, grew up in an atmosphere wholly friendly to art. His father, J. B., who himself deserted the practice of law for painting, recognised and nurtured his son's genius; the Pollexfens had, as is shown, their mystical side. In spite of this, the child Willy was not happy; he was nervous, moody and found all adjustments difficult. Unlike most grown men, the poet, on looking back, did not see heaven as lying about his infancy. J. B. Yeats, in order to study art, soon left Dublin for London, where his other children were born. After several changes of residence, the family found its most nearly ideal home in Bedford Park, Chiswick, that artistically-planned region of small-paned windows and gardens of apple-trees, in which a number of other intellectuals lived. Bedford Park remained in W.B.'s life, on and off, for some time, although, while he was still a schoolboy, his father removed the family back, for a space, to Dublin.

London, Dublin and Sligo continued to be the milieu of Yeats's adolescence. In and around both capitals the youth made friends—more often with women than with men, and, when with men, more often with his elders than with his contemporaries—though the friendship with George

(Concluded on page 248)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I HAVE just been staying in a country house where the family in

By Richard King

entertaining or being entertained on any big scale. We got to know

pre-war days considered that a minimum of four servants was absolutely necessary. Now, except for a woman in the village who obliges six times a week in the morning, they have none! Half the house is shut up and the remainder lived in up to the hilt. Life, consequently, has become delightfully simplified, and I have never known my friends more cheerful or, for want of a better word, more human. Each of us undertook certain household duties; we lived in the drawing-room and we dined in the kitchen. It was all as carefree and pleasant as possible.

All the big houses in the neighbourhood are in the same predicament, but only one owner grumbles, and she, being the wife of a nouveau riche and consequently ashamed of roughing it, seems to feel that fate has used her unkindly by reducing her domestic staff from ten to two. Nobody pities her, although it does seem from her conversation as if she sees all the hardships of Darkest Africa staring her in the face!

From our own domestic fireside there appeared to ascend a sigh of relief. No longer should we have to put up with tantrums in the kitchen or endure surly incompetence lest we be given notice on the spot. A delightful sense of freedom prevailed, and with it an atmosphere of intimacy and fun as novel as it was refreshing. People who came to see us came because they loved us and thus entered immediately into the cosiness of our daily life. There was no question of

each other so much better over kippers in the kitchen. Existence has indeed become so simplified that the very thought of cluttering up our lives once more with symbolical “Crowds and Glitter” fills us with dismay. We could do what we liked, when we liked, how we liked to do it, without any Servants' Hall being set all agog. We were neither watched nor criticised, and we were news only to each other. Meanwhile, the obliger obliged, bid us a smiling “Good morning” and went her way.

This, I hope, will be something like life in the New-Planned World. Servants, fully certificated, will be hired by the hour; they will accomplish their duties as experts and they will go. What remains to be done we shall do ourselves and like it. For when a duty, however small, becomes our own responsibility, it is remarkable how soon we weave it into the happier pattern of our lives. Like a “hobby,” it becomes the best Silent Friend we know. In it we can express ourselves. And when we have found self-expression we have discovered nine-tenths of joy. Half the botherations of life consist in the unnecessary complications in which we entangle it. Simplify existence and it seems to me you have made an excellent foundation upon which to enjoy it. If the war teaches us nothing else, it will have forced a number of people to be for a space entirely themselves and without frills. And how much nicer and more companionable everybody finds them! As, perhaps, they, too, find us!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Brown — Dennis

Major John MacKenzie Brown, The Dorsetshire Regiment, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Brown, of Inchrachan House, Taynuilt, Argyll, married Helen Frances Dennis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dennis, of Linden Court, Jersey, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Salter — Byrde

Lieut. John Salter, Reconnaissance Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Salter, of Westmount, Quebec, Canada, and Catherine Galvia (Kaye) Byrde, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maberly Byrde, of Winkley House, Milverton, Somerset, were married at Farnham Parish Church



Bray — Neal

Lieut. R. W. D. Bray, R.N., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. A. Bray, of Somerton Court, Somerset, and Rosemary Neal, daughter of the late J. F. Neal, and Mrs Neal, of Kingsdon, Somerset, were married at St. Bene'ts Church, Cambridge



Ward, Harrow

Waymouth — French

Lieut.-Cdr. Nigel de Glanville Waymouth, R.N., son of the late Major C. S. H. Waymouth, and Mrs. Waymouth, of 113, High Street, Old Aberdeen, Scotland, married Josephine Mary French, elder daughter of Mrs. M. E. Ward, late of The Roystons, Royston, Herts., at Harrow



Barker — Cownley

Lieut. Jack E. Barker, only son of Major and Mrs. V. F. Barker, of 21, Lancaster Close, W., and Margot Barbara Cownley, only daughter of the late F. Bernard Cownley, and Mrs. Cownley, of Brentwood, Essex, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington



Mason — Johnston

Dr. Richard Michael Mason, only son of Sir Laurence Mason, Deputy Director-General Supply, India, and Lady Mason, married Heather Johnston, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Robert Johnston, of Flower Priory, Harpenden, Herts., at St. Nicholas, Harpenden



F. B. Barker

Ireland Blackburne — Jones

Lieut. Michael Robert Ireland Blackburne, Rifle Brigade, only son of Captain and Mrs. Ireland Blackburne, of Broome Cottage, Appleton, near Warrington, married Helen Annette Jones, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Piers Jones, of Llanerch Park, St. Asaph, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



F. B. Barker

Jeffries — Stern

Geoffrey Anthony Jeffries, Irish Guards, only son of Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Jeffries, of Church House, Sedgeberrow, Worcestershire, married Audrey Stern, younger daughter of the late Berile Stern, and Mrs. Stern, of 35, Grosvenor Square, W., at St. James's, Spanish Place



Ian Smith, Edinburgh

Pullar — Gordon

Sub-Lieut. J. L. Pullar, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Pullar, of Melbourne, Australia, married Edith Roberta Gordon, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. C. Gordon, of Nigeria, and 31, Braid Road, Edinburgh, at St. Mathew's Church, Edinburgh

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

Full House

SOON after the party Mr. and Mrs. Jardine-Hunter-Paterson had to go up to Brocklehurst, their house in Dumfriesshire, to get it ready to hand over to the Government. Brocklehurst has already served in three different capacities since the war. First it housed a hundred mothers evacuated from Glasgow, then Melville Boys' College from Edinburgh, and thirdly a hundred and twenty Barnardo babies; now it is being taken over for yet another purpose. Mrs. Hunter-Paterson always makes all the arrangements herself. Other war-work to her credit is service in the American Red Cross.

Red Cross in Hampshire

LORNA, COUNTESS HOWE and Miss V. Collier, respectively Vice-President and Commandant of the Horndean Division of the British Red Cross Society, and Major G. D. Gould, Hon. Treasurer, have received the congratulations of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester on the success of their recent flag day and sale of work, which raised £123 and £193 respectively, a further £133 being the proceeds of a bring-and-buy sale and entertainment organised by the Rowlands Castle section. Also in Hampshire there was a British Red Cross party for the Chandler's Ford and Hursley Division and the Eastleigh Division. People there included the Hon. Lady Cooper, Deputy President of the Hampshire County Red Cross; Mrs. Oliver (Commandant), Mrs. Rolfe (Vice-Commandant) and Miss Young (Lady Superintendent).

Play

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY," with a splendid cast, and Mr. Ronald Squire's smooth villainy being brilliantly distilled in 1840 Russia, and a beard, made as delightful an evening as might have been expected. If the clear and sharp pencil of Russian comedy seemed occasionally dimmed and blurred, perhaps it was because of the glove of Mr. Emlyn Williams (adapting and producing) upon the hand of Turghenev. Among Saturday night's audience were Lady Cunard, with Mr. Cyril Connolly; Princess Nika Yourievitch, very lovely, with Mr. Edward Hulton, and Miss Dorothy Hyson (Mrs. Robert Douglas).

People out and about afterwards, at Prunier's and elsewhere, included Baron Marrochetti, with a party; Sir Michael Duff Assheton Smith; Mr. Robert Helpmann; who, with Miss Margot Fonteyn, was among the first-night audience at St. James's, Mr. Frederick Ashton and Miss Moyra Fraser, representing the Sadler's Wells ballet, now gone on a six weeks' tour; Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is to be seen in Richard Tauber's new show "Old Chelsea"; Mr. Tony Pawson; Miss Jacqueline Clarke, who plays Katia, the maid, in *A Month in the Country*; and the usual Saturday night full of merry-makers.

Oldest Anglo-American Society

THE English Speaking Union, of which Lord Cranborne was recently elected President, is one of the oldest British-American societies. It is not, however, as we thought, the oldest. That honour belongs to the Pilgrims' Society, founded in 1902 by Sir Harry Brittain, with one section in England and one in America. A leading New York newspaper describes this Society as "probably the most distinguished international organisation in the world." As such, its far-reaching and potential influences for friendship and goodwill, not only now, but in the future, cannot be overestimated.



Two Engagements

Lenore

Miss Maureen Helena Kelly, daughter of Captain H. John Kelly, U.S. Army, and Mrs. Kelly, of Stow Bedon Hall, Norfolk, is to marry Viscount French, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of the Earl of Ypres

Miss Eve Patricia Elphinston Helps, only child of Colonel and Mrs. R. P. A. Helps, is engaged to Mr. David Dunbar Dickson, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Brian T. Dickson

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

Russell ("A.E.") was of early date. In London, the young man found himself one of the circle of poets and aesthetes (Arthur Symonds, Lionel Johnson and others) known to the outside world as the Decadents, and who spoke of themselves as the Tragic Generation. This was the Yellow Book period. On Yeats the Pre-Raphaelite influence was, and was to remain, strong. He was also drawn to, and not unaffected by, the Symbolists.

Yeats's very absences from his own country tended to make his national feeling stronger. "There is no fine literature without nationality," he was to reiterate, from the first. His passion for Maud Gonne crystallised his feeling for Ireland about the figure of an heroic, tragic, beautiful woman. Through and with Maud Gonne he became embroiled in Irish troubles to an extent that his friends in the rest of the world deplored. Again, the mystique behind his poetry had, as one of its sources, Irish legend. It was his dominating ambition—but, also, ideal—to build up for Ireland an heroic literature through which the country should, once more, discover herself. Hence the life he gave to the Irish literary movement; hence his bringing to being, together with Lady Gregory, of the Irish National Theatre.

The other source of his mystique was the occult. With Yeats's experiences in this, to so many people still rather doubtful, field, Mr. Hone deals fully, if with detachment. The occult remained as a counterpoise to the practical life with which Yeats became more involved—sometimes more involved than he liked.

Lady Gregory, with her lovely Coole, in the West (house of the lake of swans, and the "Seven Woods"), is well pictured here: she was an abiding friend. The (I felt) unfortunate Miss Horniman, who by first financing the Abbey gave the Irish National Theatre concrete setting, is another figure presented by Mr. Hone. Here, too, we have Maud Gonne (Madame Gonne MacBride) and the part she played. In Yeats's life, drama (though drama is quietly stated in this biography) was always present, in one or another form. The element through which the poet moved was an element in which feeling ran high. . . . The American tours, his marriage, life in the Tower (this tower, Thoor Ballylee, in the West, was not of ivory, but of stone), the time at Oxford, the part played as Senator after the Irish Free State came into being—all are given us here. We have the history of the poet's not always easy relations with George Moore, "A.E.," J. M. Synge. Inevitably, there were times when his friends did not approve of each other.

Yeats was an essential Irishman—an Anglo-Irishman. But he said again and again, and felt deeply, that every nation is a mirror of the whole world. Of the world that his own nation, for all its troubles (perhaps because of its troubles), not so untruly mirrors, W. B. Yeats was, above all, a citizen.

Glass House

MISS STELLA GIBBONS's latest novel, *Ticky* (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), should delight the many lovers of her *Cold Comfort Farm*—she has, here, deserted realism (or comparative realism) for a return to that earlier mood. There is always magic about Miss Gibbons's writing, even when its subjects are quite prosaic. I found in *Ticky* this magic in full play (like the lightning through the glass roof of the First Bloods' Club), for the novel is a masterpiece of a fantasy. It is, too, a lyrical parody of Ouida and a fairylike pastiche of the Victorian prime.

Barry Molloy's father, Molloy of Arnewater, purchases for his heir, the romantic Barry, a commission in "that most famous of English regiments, the First Bloods." The family fortunes having been sunk in this, Barry arrives in London, from Ireland, with his stallion Bayard, with not a penny in his pocket. However, he is met at the terminus by that golden-bearded Adonis, Captain Gabriel Venner, and all, from then on, goes well. The Bloods are quartered in a vast building, in its own grounds in the centre of London—"the Club"—suspiciously like the late Crystal Palace. They are served by a helot race of runty little pathetic creatures, the Waiters. The Mess is at the top of the South Tower; the Waiters inhabit the arctic top of the North. Through the mile-long, ornate corridors of the Club, between margins of crimson carpet, run, for the convenience of officers, horse-drawn trams, conducted by the unwilling but docile Waiters.

Ticky recounts the adventures of Barry Molloy with his Regiment. "Ticky" himself is a brother-officer, Lieutenant Tollereaux, whose social sympathies are imperfectly sound—he perceives that waiters are human, and takes their part in the controversy as to the fate of their Pleasure Ground. We meet the fanatical Colonel, to whom mild Major Milde timidly plays the harp; Dr. Harrovius Pressure, of the Academy; his fair daughter Beatrice and the seductive Mrs. Lovecome play further parts in the plot. . . . I think you cannot fail to enjoy this novel, in which satire and poetry so often, and often so fascinatingly, mix.

Art in Wartime

"NEW WRITING AND DAYLIGHT, WINTER 1942-43" (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.) is the second issue of this double format. Under the editorship of Mr. John Lehmann, its excellence has not declined—in fact, the contrary. This collection of stories, poetry and critical essays links permanent values with the contemporary scene. Nothing here lacks distinction. I particularly commend Stephen Spender on "The Creative Spirit," Capetanakis on Stefan George (that most German of German poets), John Lehmann's "The Armoured Writer" and Julia Strachey's exquisitely funny "Pioneer City"—about a girls' school. Sewall Stokes on "The American Theatre" and G. W. Stonier on "The American Film" are much to the point, as is John Hampson on the school of "tough" American novelists.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. Brooke

There is no doubt about it, Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, have been very successful in their spring fashions. Of course, the Board of Trade's regulations have been carefully followed. The lines are simple, and the colours are artistically blended. To them must be given the credit of the dress below. It is of pale ice-blue crepe, enriched with the new substitute for embroidery. It can be shortened if desired, and is available in several pastel shades. In white it is an ideal wedding frock. It is in dresses of this character in which this firm excels. Very effective are the short, plain frocks, the bodices softly draped, and with short sleeves. A feature is made of the "odd" skirt, both long and short, its companion being a decorative blouse. Then there are wraps for wet-weather wear, in gay colours. Utility lingerie also has its role to play



Jersey tweed has been used by Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, for the tailored dress pictured above, which is available in attractive spring shades. There are many variations on this theme. It wears extremely well and never sags, which is an immense advantage. Pockets are cleverly introduced, the handkerchief gives an individual note. These frocks, as well as those of spot jersey, are to be seen in the jersey shop on the first floor. A fact that is of great interest is that a feature is made of dresses and suits for women of generous proportions. Again, neat shirt-waist frocks have come into their own, and they may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Again, such splendid news, there are a limited number of Braemar specialities. Slacks are well represented, and so are divided skirts for wearing with pullovers and cardigans

The neck is a signpost of the passing years; bagginess or the dowager's hump is among the troubles. It is not necessary to resign oneself to this; as Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, has made a special study of these problems and has evolved a soothing treatment and exercises to induce relaxation and relieve the congestion. Treatments may be received in her salons. For those who are unable to visit them, there are printed forms (they would be sent on application) which give instructions quite simple to follow. The Throat Moulding Band (an illustration appears on the right) should be worn while practising the breathing movements. It helps to promote muscular resistance, and so hastens the results achieved by breathing-control exercise. The Arden preparations are economical and, with care, last a long time





BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AN Aberdonian wrote to a Birmingham firm asking them to forward a packet of shaving paper. He omitted, however, to enclose payment.

The reply from Birmingham referred him to page 445 of the firm's catalogue, where it was distinctly stated:—

"All small orders should be accompanied by a remittance."

The Aberdonian replied by return:—

"Dear Sirs,—If I had possessed a catalogue with 445 pages, I should not have ordered shaving paper. Please send catalogue now."

IN a certain Californian town, a housewife appeared in court and requested a divorce. She charged cruelty.

"Your Honour," she sobbed, "we were playing rummy at home one night with some friends. Right in the middle of the game my husband jumped up and dropped a lighted cigarette down the back of my dress!"

The judge stiffened. He turned to the husband.

"You heard your wife's charges," he frowned.

"What have you to say for yourself—if anything?"

The husband looked the judge squarely in the eye.

"All I can say, your Honour," he asserted, "is that I love my wife very dearly."

The judge blinked.

"You love your wife very dearly," he repeated incredulously. "Then how is it that you drop lighted cigarettes down her back? Haven't you any ash trays in your house?"

The husband hung his head bashfully.

"Yes, your Honour," he admitted, "but none of them is as pretty as my wife!"



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Walter Fitzgerald Joins Thriller Cast

Walter Fitzgerald, most recently seen in "The Duke in Darkness," has joined the cast of "Murder Without Crime" at the Comedy. He has taken over from Raymond Lovell the part of Matthew, sardonic intellectual around whom much of the plot revolves. This problem-play thriller has now been running for more than six months in the West End

A MEER-LOOKING little man who had paid several guineas for a course on will-power happened to meet his old instructor in the street.

"Well, Mr. Smith, I see the course has been successful," beamed the latter. "You are master of everything. You can control your wife, now, can't you?"

"Well—er—" stammered Mr. Smith, "when she throws pokers and things at me I am—er—now able to say 'Stop it, please!'"

IT was his wife's birthday, but he had rushed business in a great hurry, and she feared that he had forgotten all about it.

When, however, he returned home before his usual time, kissed her, and put a small package on the table, she knew that she had done him an injustice.

"And I thought you had forgotten all about my birthday," she said; as she carefully unwrapped the package. Then she looked blank.

"Pipe cleaners!" she gasped.

"THEY call this place 'The Palms,'" remarked the hotel guest, "but I've never seen one near this place."

"But you will," replied the second guest. "It's a pleasant little surprise the hotel staff keeps for guests on the last day of their stay."

THE manager of a business firm who was a widower had noticed that his son seemed rather interested in his pretty secretary.

The young man had only recently entered the firm and the boy's father did not care for the prospect of early engagement. He determined to speak to the young man, but was forestalled by the girl, who entered his office, announcing that the son had proposed and that she had accepted him.

"Well, I think you might have seen me first," said the parent, rather tersely.

"I did," she replied, "but I preferred your son."

THE other day an old Irishwoman received a letter from her boy at the front. Being herself unable to read, she took the precious missive to the parish priest, so that he might read it to her. At the same time she carefully presented him with two wads of cotton-wool to put in his ears, in case part of the contents might be private!

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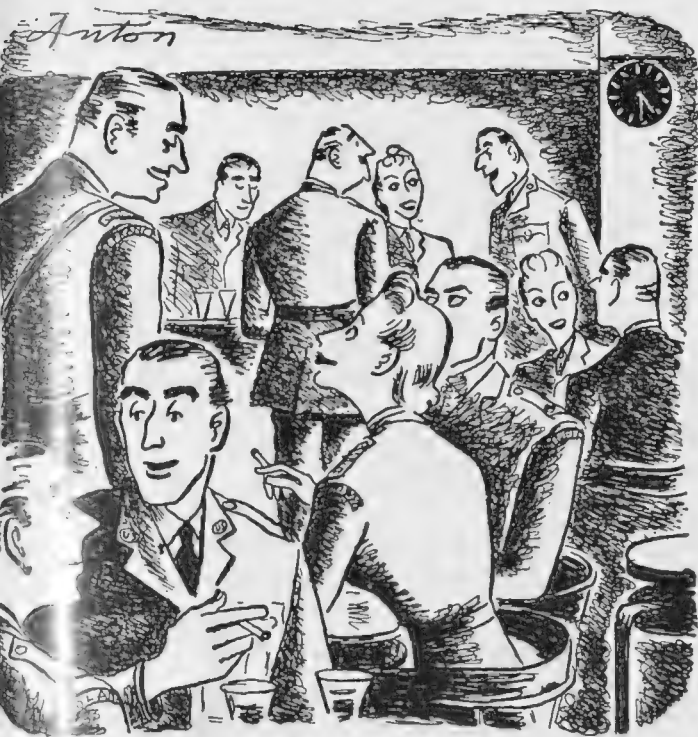
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Parliamentary Air

AIR matters come up in Parliament at increasingly frequent intervals. In the House of Lords that air most recently heard was a Londonderry air and it concerned civil aviation in the future. Lord Londonderry has been a powerful champion of aviation and his period of office as Secretary of State was a fruitful one. During it the eight-gun fighter was adopted for Royal Air Force use and many other useful steps were taken—not always with full, popular approval at the time—to give Britain a place in the air. Now the point raised is what should be done to ensure that the British Commonwealth has a sound and successful commercial aviation after the war? The discussion was useful and Lord Sempill made some telling points about the machine position. The fact is that we are not producing at the present moment any aircraft, other than the York, which is a converted bomber, which could give a good commercial account of themselves on the air lines of the future.

Transports

THE House of Lords, therefore, does a public service in drawing attention to the position. But the thing that worries and puzzles me is this. It is true that to-day our production lines are devoted to war machines; but it is also true that the production lines in America are devoted to war machines. Those who say that the Americans are busy producing commercial aircraft with which to sweep us off the aeronautical map after the war are not correct in their statements. The only difference is that among the American war machines are some which are designed for troop transport, and it has been discovered that a troop transport—for parachutists or any other airborne forces or supplies—is much nearer a commercial aircraft than a bomber.

Now the position in Britain is that the Royal Air Force wants every bomber it can get. It wants them urgently. It will want them still more urgently when the great offensive promised by the Prime Minister in his

wonderful speech on February 11 begins. There is an insistent demand for bombers and yet more bombers. There is also an insistent demand for troop transport and yet more troop transports. Airborne forces are going to play a great part in the future campaigns. Their value is being more and more widely recognised. We want to be able to carry the largest possible forces by air. So this is the position: Britain has her production lines (for big machines) filled with bombers and the Allies want every bomber they can get. America has some of her production lines (for big machines) filled with troop transport and the Allies want every troop transport they can get. Are we going to interrupt one or the other or both of these output flows in order to switch some of the British production lines to transports and some of the American production lines from transports to bombers? Remember that every such switch costs heavily in aircraft produced. Remember that our output is rising and that shortly we shall want all of it if we are to strike decisively.

Rational Solution

IT comes to this, that if we alter the present set-up whereby nearly all troop transports are produced by the Americans and all our own big machine factories are devoted to bombers, we shall reduce the numbers of machines available to our fighting forces at the critical moment. It is my submission that we dare not do this. Nobody appreciates better than I do how desirable it is that Britain should have some good transport aircraft ready to open and work some of the great Empire lines when the war ends. Nobody knows better how lacking we are in such machines. Yet the winning of the war is the first step and the winning with the fewest casualties and at the greatest speed. Any reduction in air strength at the crucial period, even if it were



Swaebe

Is that a Banana?

Flt./Lieut. D. A. Briggs, D.F.C., and Flt./Lieut. Terence Rattigan, author of "Flare Path," celebrated the play's 200th performance at the Apollo Theatre. They brought along a rare fruit

suggestions I shall certainly put them later on in these notes. All that I can do now is to point to the facts of the position and to ask that those who call for a better and bigger British commercial aviation effort should recognise them.

Remote Control

THE German is more readily interested in guns and gunnery than the Englishman. To an Englishman the idea of "hitting the enemy hard" suggests immediately the Marquess of Queensberry rules and a straight left to the point of the jaw. To the German it suggests a 20 mm. Mauser cannon with reflector sight and explosive ammunition. The Germans have been improving their aircraft armament lately and we should take note of what they are doing. In the Focke Wulf there is an excellent gun group containing four 20 mm. cannon, two of them Mausers, and two machine guns. The Messerschmitt 210 has two 13 mm. rearward firing machine guns mounted in barbettes in the sides of the fuselage and remotely sighted and controlled from a "fire top" in the cabin enclosure. This form of control is significant. I shall be surprised if we do not see much more of it in the future.



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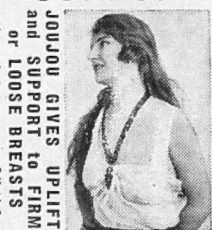
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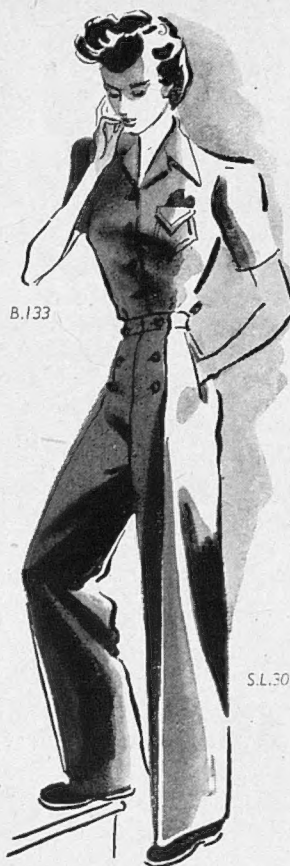
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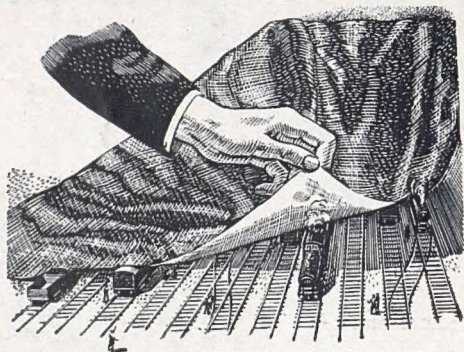
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